

Ch1

The strategic value of railways to the Chinese Government is plain to every Western mind. But it is equally certain that the freight and passenger traffic would pay an interest on the capital invested in construction and equipment? This question naturally received partial answer from the Chinese, as we have discussed by him, at various parts of his book, with reference both to the feasibility and expense of construction and the amount of business to be expected. As to the possibility of building durable roadbeds in the ill-protected delta of the shifting Hoang-ho, appropriately known as "China's Sorrow," we read in the sixteenth chapter: "A great deal of excellent work has been done in the past, but much of which is badly located and in bad condition but, with a watchful supervision and honest administration under one responsible head, together with the construction of such new embankment and such additions to the old as any fairly intelligent man could point out as being necessary, it is quite certain that comparative immunity from devastating floods will be secured." The author then discusses the question of regulation and control could be effected from data obtained by careful surveys, and a general system devised in compliance with the requirements of the vast interests involved, and in harmony with the principles of modern engineering." So much for the confining dykes; now for the particular railway problem. I have not seen," says the author, "the river delta of the great river, but I think it is a tragedy, and crowded by a railroad as it is, at any point, or that the railroad can be maintained without any extraordinary trouble or expense. There are several places where natural settlements may be had, and which are otherwise favorable for bridging, and also

him and regret him. Although to his book his publishers (Hubbard Bros., Philadelphia) have given the title of *Life of Henry Ward Beecher*, the author himself does not profess to offer a complete biography, but only glimpses of such features of the subject's life and personality as in the judgment of an old and trusted friend were truly salient. Keeping in view the fact that the illustration of the true purpose of the work seems to us that every friend of Mr. Beecher should be keenly sensible of the tact and loyalty with which it has been carried out. Many things we learn from these informal, unpretentious memoranda, which could only have been gleaned from the cherished recollection of old and intimate acquaintance, yet so as to avoid the author's falling into the error of assuming to be telling his own story, through happy selections from his own sermons, speeches, published writings, and private letters. No phase of Mr. Beecher's accomplishment or character, and no important epoch of his life is left uncorrected and in self-provided illumination of this kind. Where conjunctive or interpretative comment is needed we do not look for it vain, but it is not the least of the faithful, reverential, and zealous friend. The multitude of those who saw in Mr. Beecher at once a good and a great man will be confirmed in their impressions by Mr. Howard's narrative while they who have formed less favorable opinions may be moved by sections of this book to a suspension, if not a reversal, of judgment.

Book Notes.

"The Van Gelder Papers and Other Sketches," edited by J. T. J. (Futnam), is a collection of pleasant reminiscences of the old Dutch settlers of Long Island and the adjacent mainland, in which familiar names and places

[illegible]

A man that will weigh a ton.
 Heed not his challenges bold
 I blow him no vanishing horn;
 But foolish is he who treadeth on me;
 He'll find he has a bone upon.

Like the flower of the field, vain man
 Joisth forth at the break of day;
 When he is laid low they grin on his heel,
 Like the stubble he radeth away;
 For I lift him high up in the air
 With his heels down to his head ought to be;
 With a down coming ear he maketh his mash,
 And I know he is done gone upon.

I am scorned by the man who buys me,
 I am modest and quit and meek;
 Though my talents are few, yet the work that I do
 He will make me the more to seek.
 I'm a canary-colored Republican born,
 And a Sillist friend of the poor;
 Though the head wear a crown, I would bring its pride
 If it is to proel heel upon me.

To Apple Pie.

From the San Francisco American.

Delicious ration,
 Rare combination
 Of fruit, preferred by Eve;
 Whimsical I tell to thee
 All that is due thee,
 Half, thou wouldn't not believe.

Half of my pain
 Is owed in man
 To sheltering thee at night;
 Half of my pleasure
 To generous measure
 Of thee at seasons right.

Croaky replies,
 Deeply sighing aghast,
 From my heart's truest core;
 Since I've committed,
 Good deeds omitted,
 All owed to thee—and more.

Yet, do I love thee,
 And naught above thee
 Or on this earth below,
 Shall ever induce me,
 When friends produce thee,
 To answer to them—No!

Record this vow,
 Second only from now,
 And ever from this night,
 To my apple pie,
 Whose apple pie,
 Can do me with delight.

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CONDENSED NOVELS.

Prevention Better than Cure.

"I hope, my dear, said a newly made Benedict, if I should happen to be out nights occasionally you would be lonely."

"Oh, no dear," she replied sweetly. "If you should not, it is necessary to be out I'll send for me to keep you company."

He's home early every night.

A Thoughtful Son.

"You asked me to bring you a little pin money," said your husband to his wife.

"Yes, dear," said the lady, expectantly.

"Well, to save you the trouble of going out in this hot weather I have brought you some pins instead."

How to Keep Cool.

"How cool and comfortable you look, dear," said a mother to her daughter. "Have you been taking a bath?"

"No, mamma," was the reply, "I have been reading a love-ness from Howells."

The Night Size.

Girl (looking at hammocks)—Er—aren't these a little small, sir?

Dealer—Plenty big enough to hold two, Miss.

Girl rises and buys one.

Home, Sweet Home.

She (thoughtfully)—George, dear, are there not times in your life when the pathos and truth of the most beautiful of writers, Alcott Sweet Home, is here? Is there no place like home? "Appear to you with a new respect, and all your soul with longing?"

Young lady—Yes, indeed, particularly when I am on third base with two men out.

His Offense.

West Point Cadet to young lady—I am surprised to hear that Corporal Callow has been punished. Did you learn what his offense was, Miss Smith?

Young Lady—I believe, Lieut. Callow took, that he was conduct unbecomingly either an officer or a gentleman, but I have forgotten which.

United States." Mrs. Langtry bowed as deeply as though the United States was personified in the dapper little man in the gray suit, and the General remarked: "No doubt you have other acquaintances abroad, with your permission we will proceed to luncheon at once."

Then Mrs. Monckton explained the power that was given to her by the manner of proceeding to declare intentions of becoming a citizen of the United States.

"The duty of our Government," said Mrs. Monckton, "wisely made this ceremony as easy and simple as possible, believing that if it were not, it would keep out of the country all those who dwell within its borders, citizens of which I and I have never before had occasion to entertain, and who, as now, I am glad to give me the inefable pleasure of assisting to make one of the loveliest of Lord's children of this country, she has given me the opportunity."

Mrs. Langtry bowed again, but across the room, where she had just passed, she saw the handsome face, Joe Reynolds looked at Mrs. Keogh and shaped his lips to say "tally, old fellow," and then Mrs. Langtry turned up her right hand and solemnly swore that she renounced all allegiance to all foreign countries, and that she was now a citizen of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, and the ceremony was over.

"You are now a citizen of the United States," said the newly-citizen of the finest country in the world, "said then, Barnes, with graceful words, to the lady, who, with a smile, replied: "I have been that heart a long time. I shall be so proud to be able to call myself a citizen of the United States."

"A glass of wine in honor of this event," suggested Mrs. Langtry, after a pause, "and then, if you will, we will have a glass of champagne, and then he led the smiling Monckton from the house, while Captain Langtry went out to enter a constitutional.

A Labor-saving Phrase.
From Life.

Wife—Now that you have bought a cow, who will milk it?
Husband—Oh, he says the calf does it. So we'll have all the milk we want.